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F CARDS



BY

J. C. B. HEBBARD

A. NO AUG 10 1891

THE
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* * *

PRESENTED IN MEMORY

GEORGE S. BRYAN

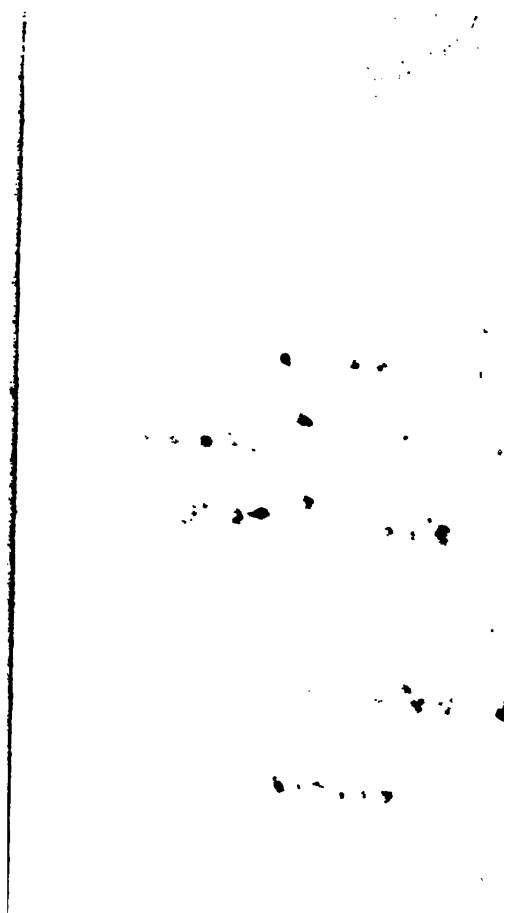
BY

ALICE S. BRYAN

To "The Cousin of
David S. Beasley,
New York,

from
Jerome
San Francisco.

Helbard



A DECK OF CARDS AND A JOKER

SHUFFLED AND DEALT BY

J. C. B. HEBBARD *x*

KNOWN AS JUDGE HEBBARD

SOMETIMES CALLED

"JACK" HEBBARD

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M. Saw

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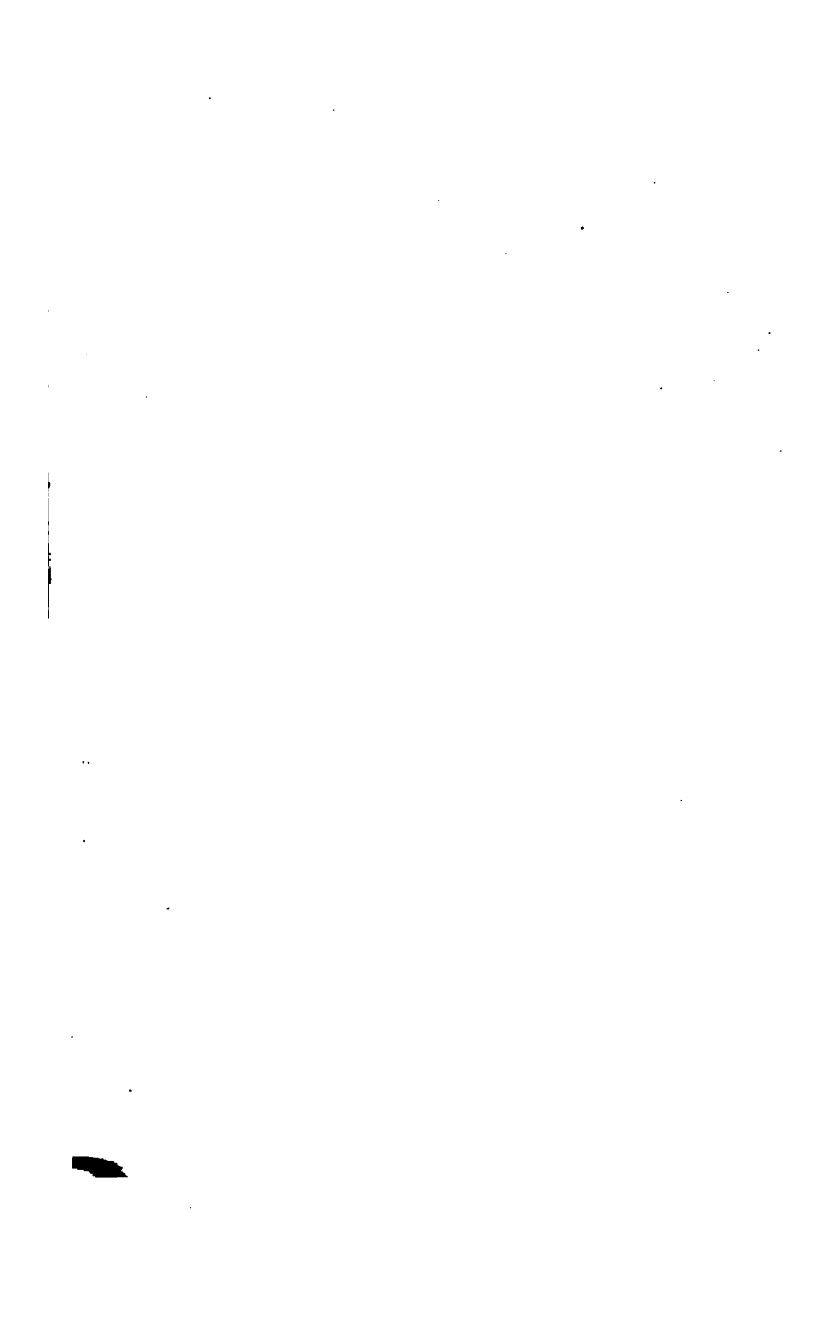
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

B 1947 L

Dedicated
To
WILLIAM GREER HARRISON

OLYMPIAN
MAN

46 X 122 ..





*A man to men.
A man to women*

*yours,
Herbert Hoover.*

"Somehow suddenly the other day came the thought that one of the city's most picturesque figures is Judge J. C. B. Hebbard—half cowboy, half scholar, and all interesting—

"Jocular, abstruse, melancholy, generous, independent, romantic."

THE WASP, SAN FRANCISCO,
May 5, 1907.

"But for one weakness Judge Hebbard would stand close to the biggest of the Judiciary."

SAN FRANCISCO NEWS LETTER,
May 4, 1907.

"There is but one Hebbard. Some Sunset Thackeray, Scott or Dumas, may discover this blithe judiciary and make him the characteristic man of our epoch."

THE WASP, SAN FRANCISCO,
May 5, 1907.

"He won because he was known to be honest and upright. Kind, just, loyal, lovable."

THE SPECTATOR,
Portland, Oregon, May 11, 1907.

And the band played "ANNIE LAURIE."

WILLIAM GREER HARRISON

(OLYMPIAN)

Three score and ten, and then—
Naught else but bitterness and pain?
Not so his burden; his life is a chain
Of links so tempered, forged and forged again
That, leading all like Abou Ben,
He heads the list 'mong all his loving men.
No shambling gait, nor crouching fate
Of chimney corner if it rains;
Fearless of death as each year wanes;
Content with all, his life is consecrate.
"Nothing to him comes early or too late"—
A man who does, philosopher sedate.

"Beersheba to Dan" the span:
In Stadium or Forum, new or old,
None better wore the laurel of the gold;
Nor in the race of life none faster ran;
Or wear he cestus, wield a lady's fan.
Behold a scholar, athlete—and a MAN!

1911

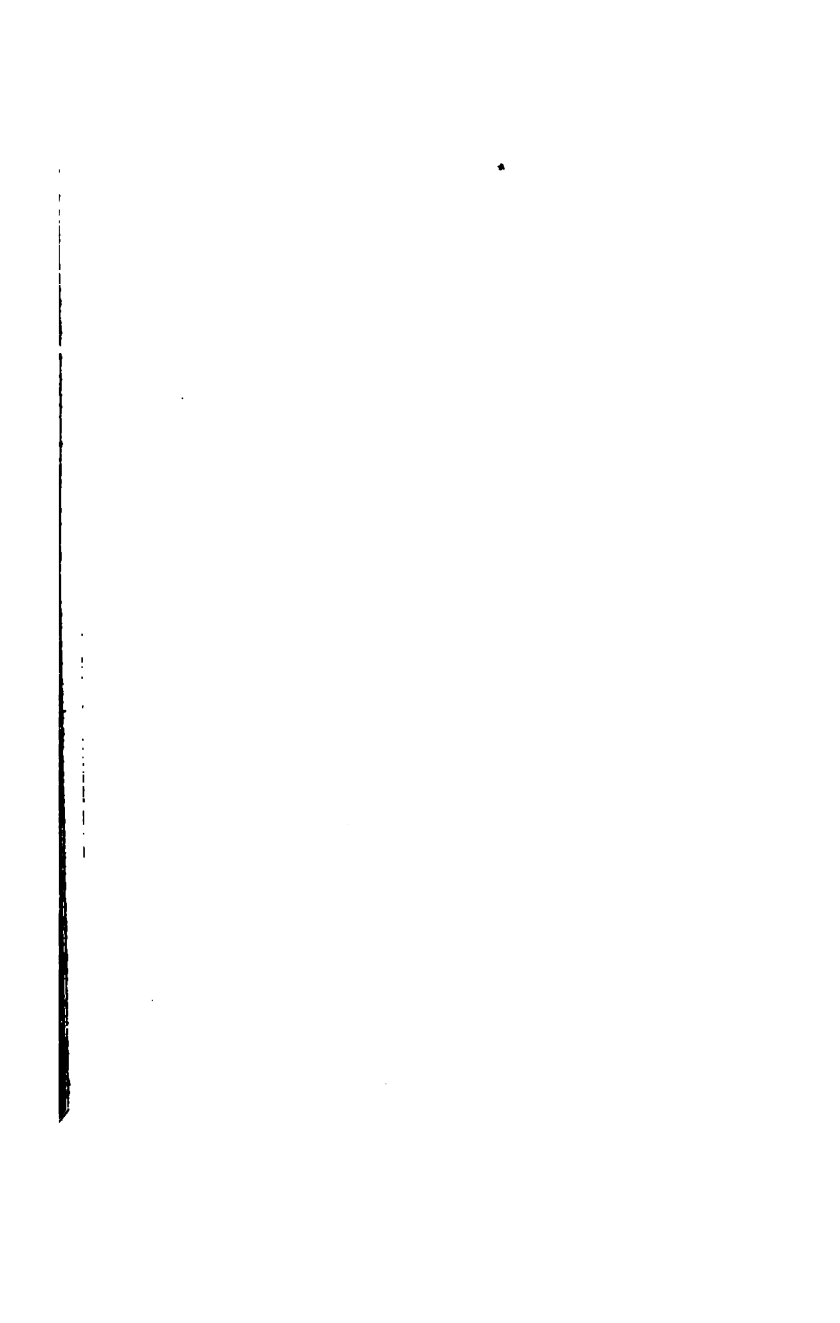
1954

SAN FRANCISCO

APRIL 18, 1906, A. D.

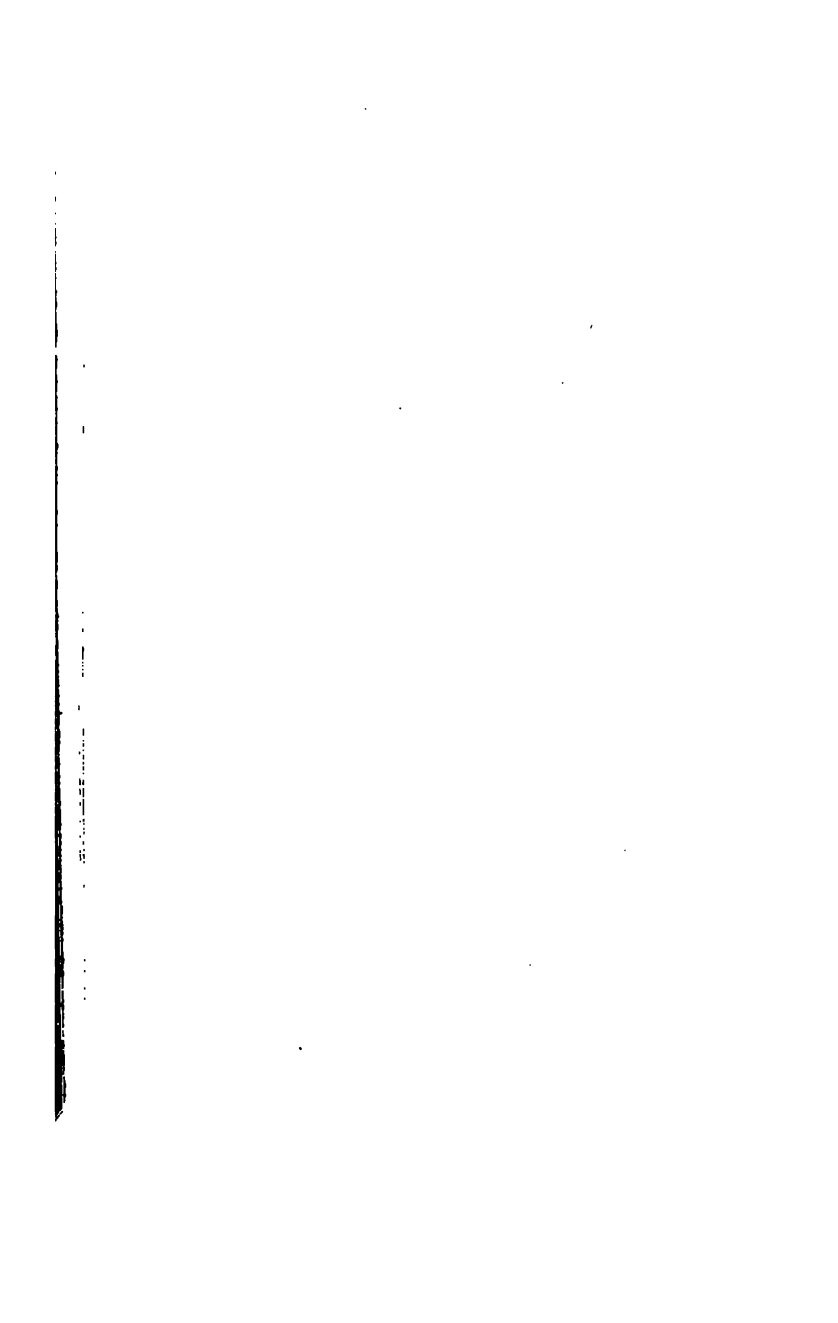
Dawn came out of the East, waking the city;
Yet, in the morning light, some slept
And dreamed perchance of peace.
Then Nature disturbed her stillness,
Muttering, earthquaking all to life—
Not all; some woke not on that awful morn,
Nor since, on earth.
And some slept soon again, for aye.
The handiwork of man rocked, cradling,
And wrecked upon the ground
Midst roaring cataclysm.
The sun rayed slanting, grimely,
Through thickening atmosphere.
Then for a time there was no sound
But human heart beats.
And in the lull a hundred flames
Spit red in half the city,
Reaching to the sky and spreading on
To join in fiery phalanx, each the other.
The sun at noon, looked down upon the fire
As jealous of its heat and might
As on and on the miles of conflagration spread
In hungry, thirsty greed.

Great God! the world goes now! it seemed.
Men prayed and women shrieked despair,
But some could mouthe no sound.
All day, all night, and then the next and next
Great hero men brave battle made
Without their weapons—water there was none;
The earthquake wrenched it from them.
The Fire Chief lay dead, killed by falling walls—
Sullivan the Great—Dennis Sullivan, a Man
If ever one did live—a friend;
One who could look you in the eye unflinchingly;
A man unashamed and unafraid;
God rest his bold, brave soul!
And midst the wreck, men met
And grasped each other's hands,
And gave, and loaned, and swore eternal friendship,
And were brothers. But in a day, a week, a month—
What is so little time between the two eternities
Of past and future?—forgot
That there was any God save Mammon,
And so returned to commerce and to hell,
And garnered on again as they had done before.
Let cataclysm come again!
And be it worse than that of April Ides,
If gold be yet man's diety.
There is a God!
And some will grovel when the Styx is crossed.



ICON

Don't break your idols,
Though their feet be clay;
You'll need them—e'en the pieces
Some dark day.
Instead of breaking, mend them;
Patch, and pare, and mould
Until you have an idol better than the old.



CHANCES

We turned the dice box, you and I,
And I have often wondered why
We took such chances on that summer day;
You won, but you have had to pay.

The stake was Dollie—did we really care
Who shook the highest for her golden hair?
Or, if it only seemed her eyes of blue
Made reckless more than eyes of other hue.

You won, and then I bought the wine
And toasted you in fullness of resign;
We left the club-house—fondest friends on earth
Forgetting even Dollie in our vinous mirth.

You married her and I stood by your side;
I saw you from the chancel proudly glide,
Amid the rain of rice that showered free.
Her blue eyes looked in mine, and shivered me.

If I had turned that day the winning dice
And married Doll—I know it isn't nice
To wonder, if like me, you'd have the bother
Of knowing she wed one, but loved the other!

THE FLIPPANT AGE

There were, so archæologists and geologists tell us, ages of iron and stone and so forth.

This is the Flippant Age, and so it will be known in all ages yet to come.

There is no rest today.

No babbling brooks, no cows coming home from the meadows; no more the berries and cream, and the shortcake with the dear old mother presiding at the table asking you to pass again your plate.

God help us children!

Our dear, sweet, gentle lady mothers are no more.

We did not appreciate them while they lived.

Now it is too late to give them recompense.

Most women now give five o'clock teas, and belong to clubs, and go to good doctors.

Yes, 'tis even so.

These are cold, unrelenting, frequent facts.

And who reads anything today of serious import?

Who writes?

Yes Gertrude Atherton and Oliver—a few have written, but who reads or understands?

You, tonight, would not sit through Hamlet, or if you did, you would not understand the lines; you would not know what Hamlet meant when he said, " 'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother, nor melancholy suit of solemn black."

Who would spend a night with Richelieu, and know or care a damn about it—"Around her form I draw the solemn circle of our church. Step but a foot within its border and upon thy head, yea, even though it wear a crown, I'll hurl the curse of Rome."

Now, we go to hear "I don't like no Cheap Man", or, "All coons Look Alike To Me", and shriek our merriment.

Food is adulterated.

Bad milk is sold to sick babies.

All for money, money, money which men accumulate, never enjoy, and then they die and go to hell (I hope) and leave it all to children who are killed in automobiles or by bad champagne, a short time after.

Flippant!

We curse the men we elect to office.

Preachers stand in the pulpit and tell you things they themselves do not believe.

Santa Claus has gone with the ghost of the Sandman.

I have no remedy to offer, no prescription to make up.

Like Marcus Aurelius, I can only say "My soul is full of pity for the sickness of this world."

"A Word is a thing, and a small drop of ink scattered like dew on a thought produces, that which makes thousands, perhaps millions think."

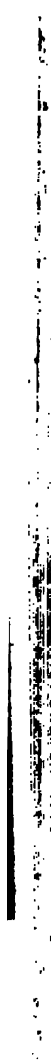


GRATITUDE

GRATITUDE! Oh Gratitude!
The rarest thing on earth.
So rare 'tis hard to find it now,
Or the place that gave it birth.

THE LAST DEAL

The sun goes low;
The air chills fast;
The embers dimly glow—
The end, at last!
Some dregs of wine;
A ring of smoke;
Slow thoughts of things divine;
A heart that broke
Ghost glints of faces fair;
Voices long stilled;
Mem'ries of friendship rare;
Hopes unfulfilled.
Grimly a smile at things—
Good deeds and sin—
"Last card", the dealer sings—
The "chips", "all in"!



AURELIUS

I PASS THIS WAY BUT ONCE,
THE ROMAN said,
So therefore all good things and kind
That I can do before I die
To any helpless human I may find
Let me so do it now and not defer
For this way shall I never pass again;
The curtains of the future never stir;
Help now the sickness of my fellow men.



Jack and Pet

Frank and Juno

THE STANISLAUS

Racing like mad to the river,
A tinkle of spurs as we ride;
So happily glad, that I shiver;
A friend, with a soul, alongside.

Riding like mad to the river,
A-thinking of Hart and Mark Twain,
My mare and myself all a-quiver,
For the Stanislaus waters again.

Sonora, Tuolumne Co., 1906.



MIRAGE

Close those eyes of brown ;
And let me see your lashes drooping down.
Your head upon my shoulder, just that way.
Now, shall we sleep? Not now, not yet I pray—
There'll be a time for slumber soon, for aye.

A NIGHTMARE

One night I dreamed, and in my dream
It seemed that I had died,
And ghostly as I trod the other land
A host of other ghosts
Walked by my side,
And they and I, were shambling with the stride
We had on earth. In Hell I seemed.
I fearful woke, and could not understand.

CHARITY

Not for a coin or a piece of bread
Thrown by a careless hand;
Not for a place to lay my head
Save by the sea on the sand;
Not for a mansion fair and tall
Not for baubles of glint;
Not for a dance in a marble hall;
Not for the hearts of flint,
But for the clasp of a hand that's strong,
Eyes that look soft into mine,
Give me the friendship lasting long—
Vintage, bubbling wine.
I want the voice that is soft and low,
The voice that chideth not,
The soul that always seems to know
That errors must be forgot;
I'm just a man of this sick world,
Human and made of clay;
Into this life just hurriedly hurled
In a headlong sort of way.
Charity, charity, greatest of all
Should cover up many a sin;
May gently its mantle upon me fall
When the years of my life are all in.

AT MANILA

(LAWTON)

Ta-ta-ra-, ta-ra, ta-ra,
Ta-ta-ra-, ta-ra, ta-ra,

Ta—ta—ra, ta—ta—ra.
Ta—ta—ra!

The bugle call to arms,
And ere the echo spent
A man who wore a uniform
Sprang out of a soldier's tent;
A soldier tall who loved a fight,
In a uniform of snowy white.

He leaped upon the rampart high
And calmly viewed the foe.
He shouted his orders loud and fast
To his officers below.
They cried to him of his danger there—
They heard response—they heard him swear.

A shining mark for the leaden hail
That pierced a hundred spots,
In the single target straight and tall—
One man for a hundred shots.
He fell, and he said with his last breath,
"God! there are things that are worse than
death!"

FATHER JO

Father Jo, is just a priest,
Church of Rome,
And at home.
He is known and loved at least
As a saintly man of God,
Yet a man of earthy sod.
Good fellow at a feast,
Father Jo.
With the "California First",
With O'Neil and Smith he durst
Face the foe,
Father Jo.
And on the firing line,
The bullets raining fine,
The boys who had to go,
Saw Father Jo;
Chaplain Jo was not afraid.
His name is Jo McQuaide,
Church of Rome,
Now he's home,
From Manila.



BOHEMIA

This beautiful land is invaded
By a lot of unbearable tramps,
By a host of conscientless scamps;
'Tis time that such ilk should be raided,
With their clothes and their manners so faded,
And cleaned, in the nights, by the lights of the
lamps

Of Bohemia.

WE

Father and son went out one day—
Father to work and the boy to play.
Both came back at night to say—
 "I'm tired."

Pop had a wife that wasn't quite right;
Son had a girl that got too tight.
They say sometimes when they meet at night—
 "I'm tired."

The father lived a long, long time;
The son spent many and many a dime.
They said as the auto filled with grime—
 "I'm tired."

Father and son, they both were dead,
Didn't have time to go to bed.
After the flowers and tears they said—
 "We are tired."



TOO MUCH ARGUMENT

Two sheep-herders had their camp together. Each morning each drove his band of sheep on to the range.

Some distance they traveled together, and then separated, one going to the left, and one to the right.

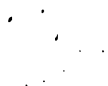
One morning, just before they separated, one herder said to the other: "I heard a cow bellowing around here last night."

Next morning the other herder said to the first herder, "How do you know it was a cow?"

The next morning the first herder rolled up his blankets, and the second herder said, "What are you going to do, Bill?"

And the first herder said: "I am going to quit." "There is too durned much argument around here to suit me." And he quit.

This is an old story.



THE FIREMAN

Did you ever belong to a fire department?

Were you ever a fireman?

I was, once, in a city of the great Northwest, Seattle.

It is a man's work.

Shirt and breeches and hat on a chair, and boots standing alongside of the bed—ready for the bell.

To get up all of a sudden at two o'clock in the morning, thermometer about fifteen degrees above, two feet of snow on the ground, and climb a slippery ladder two or three stories, with ax and hose.

I have done it many a time.

So much for a shout through my own trumpet.

I am writing this to suggest to you, citizens, that firemen who daily and nightly take their lives in their hands, who go out from their homes perchance never to come back except upon a stretcher, and leave wives without husbands and children without fathers deserve better treatment at your hands, more gratitude, more holidays, shorter hours, and more wages.

The firemen take care of you and your property while you are asleep.

Take care of them when you are awake.



ON AND OFF THE BEAT

He was only a policeman, Kelly, a man with a uniform and star.

He was "Clothed in a little brief of authority", but you know how thoughtless people are, and some say you can't believe a policeman under oath, that they are always grafting, they are thieves or they are liars, or they are both.

Now Kelly was a man upon the force.

He had a wife and a little kid at home.

One night he fought a man who beat a woman in a district where the rough ones like to roam.

So Kelly went to court next morning to tell the judge all about the case, but the fellow had a pull and he swore to Kelly's face, that Kelly lied and that Kelly was quite full.

The judge he let the fellow go, and Kelly went home to see his wife. "Mollie", he said, "I don't know, but this is a pretty hard old life."

But he kept right on in the same brave way and now Kelly, the Irishman, is a Sergeant.

THE HACK MAN

Do you ever ride in a hack—a glass wagon?

Well I do; and when you do don't ride with your feet out of the window; and, remember that the man who drives and takes care of you is a human being, and has the same cares and worries, joys and sorrows as yourself and that nine times out of ten he is more of a gentleman than are you.

Perhaps he has a wife and child at home to love and care for.

Please remember this when you ride in a hack.

YESTERDAY

When I was a little boy
I used to wonder oft at many things—
Why people died, why others cried,
Why pictured angels always should have wings,
Why any one should life destroy,
Why Saturn only should have rings.

I wondered why the stars were made,
And how the sun and moon were lit—
Why flowers woke by poison oak,
Why friendships weakened bit by bit,
Why men should other lands invade—
I was a boy with little wit.

I'm past the prime a little time,
Yet still I wonder as I used to do
Why things of then, still trouble men,
Why many weep, why laugh so few,
While life and sweetness do not rhyme.
So yet I wonder, so do you.



THE CLOCK

Did you ever listen to the clock?

Did you ever hear it talk?

Did you ever in the night, when you were not
quite right,

Hear it say, as it ticked—

“You drink,

“I think.”

“You drink,

“I think.”

And when you couldn't sleep ;

And you wanted much to weep—

Did you ever hear the clock

With its melancholy talk—

“Too bad, too bad,

“I'm sorry you are sad.”

Did you ever hear the clock tick that way?

APOLOGY

Did it ever occur to you that nearly everything we say or do is but an excuse or an apology for something we have done, or some mistake we have made at sometime, in some place?



ALL THINGS

Every spoken word that you hold dear,
Every music sound you love to hear,
Every friend you want,
As through the world you jaunt,
You will find if your mind,
And your soul, is inclined
To love them.

JUST THIS WAY

Two men, both very well known in the world of letters— one recently dead, God bless his soul—the other still alive, to now and then vent his dyspepsia and his heart's sorrow upon others with pen dipped in gall and worm-wood—the Carlyle of this twenty years, got drunk one night, as literary men, as well as others will do, have done, and will always do.

Securing a room at the old Russ House, on Montgomery Street, they proceeded to painfully undress.

As they sat upon the one bed and pulled off their shoes in a maudlin sort of way, one of them, Ambrose, began to cry and say:—

"Why is it Arthur that everyone loves you, and everyone hates me? Boo hoo."

"Well, Ambrose," said Arthur, "it is just this way, you and I walk through a beautiful garden, I see the bloom of the flowers and enjoy their perfume—you see only the manure at the roots."

And then they slumbered.





J. C. B. Hebbard and "Bird"



"BIRD"

This is "Bird".
Bird's a dog,
The quail on the rail,
Or the log, in the bog
Scurry, and flurry, and fly,
When "Bird" get's his eye
On the game.
"Bird", that's his name—
He's a dog.
But he's better than a frog
Of a man just the same.
He's a friend you can bet,
None better could you get.
That's "Bird",
On my word.



THE WAITER

"If care were not the waiter
 Behind a fellow's chair;"
If the waiter didn't care;
If the diner's tip was fair,
And if he didn't scold
'Cause the mutton-chops were cold.
If the man in the chair
Didn't care,
If he saw that life was strife
That a waiter too grew old,
His napkin he would fold,
And he would not dispute
 O'er a nickel on the bill.
Still, he will!
And the waiter still must wait
On the fool, such is fate.



JERRY

Did you ever meet Jerry?
Well you should.
Jerry's very merry,
And she could,
Take your blues away
In a soulful sort of way.
She lives in Washington;
In a flat.
With a woman and a friend
As through the world you wend,
And a horse, a dog, and that—
That's the end.



A SONG

"Rosary, my rosary",
I heard her soft voice sing to me
Rosary, my rosary".
And then she sang "For I Love Thee."
The earth may quake, go dry the sea.
Still I've heard "My Rosary";
Still I've heard "For I Love Thee".
Rosary, my rosary".





With my love,
yours,
Harrie.



BABY

Baby! Baby! Coo to me.
You are such a little thing you see;
You can't talk,
And you can't walk,
But at a fellow's door you knock,
Make him come in
And stop his sin,
And toddle you, and tiddle you, and make you
grin.
A man feels like an ass,
When he hears a baby sass,
But Baby! Baby! You're a darling!



PAT KELLY

Pat Kelly keeps a stable in Sonora;
He don't talk much; he's not a roarer.
But no poor one suffers much,
For food and drink and such
While Pat Kelly is in Sonora.
Pat's a funny sort of a man,
But a better never ran.
He's got a heart, the bestest part
In any sort of man.
He gives them food and drink,
That's bully don't you think?
That's Pat Kelly,
Of Sonora.
I like him—he is a man.
Play my money—yes, he can.
May he live a hundred years,
Go to Heaven without fears,
Pat Kelly of Sonora.

GOD

I do believe in God, and so
In wandering o'er the earth and sea
I lessen all I can my fellows' woe,
And, God believes in me.

NERVOUS

His path was full of half burned cigarettes,
At a cent a piece, and many too, but lets
Forgive the man for this,
He was nervous—had a sizz.
He worried every day
His wife had gone away;
Wouldn't hold him in her lap,
Hit him with a club a slap
On the chest.
Guess the rest;
Hurt like hell,
Very well.
Now it's Thursday.



OTHERS

Edgar Allen Poe was a drunk,
But he could think, and he thunk,
De Quincy ate the poppy in a pill,
The "Atlantics" on his breast now are still.
Heine married his scullery maid,
He didn't care, he wasn't afraid.
Du Maupassant died quite mad,
That's very sorry, and that's very sad,
But the stories that he wrote—
Now read them and you'll note
He knew a thing or two.
Do you?



COURAGE

Don't be afraid!

If you were born a coward, get over it.

There is nothing to be afraid of except fear.

Cowardice is the yellowest of yellow streaks,
and it kills.

Go to the bed-side of a small-pox patient and
fear that you may be infected, and you will—
you'll get small-pox.

Doctors are not afraid.

Don't be afraid to die.

You had nothing to do with being born, and
maybe when you do die, maybe you'll go to
Heaven, and have wings and things.

The world is a field of strife and carnage, but
the most awful battle-field is one's own heart.

Don't fight unless you have to—but then
FIGHT.

"Courage mon brave."

THE JUDGE

Were you ever once a judge?
Well it's funny—it's a fudge,
The lawyers roar at you,
They know a law or few,
Not so much,
Not so such.
The "rule in Shelly's case"?
The "common law" to face.
"Equity"—what's that?
But they wear a tall silk hat,
Ah! The shysters at the bar,
Who know not moon from star
Are thick,
Makes me sick,
In Frisco.



AU REVOIR

ON BOARD FOR IRELAND

Olympian greets you sire!
Here votaries again desire
To speak you praise in many days,
Of many things, in many ways,
For love surviving fire,
Olympian greets you, Sire!
Jove godded things of old
And was successful, we are told—
Not more than you; the gods were few
Who held allegiance as you do;
Whose arms were stronger to enfold
Whose hearts so many hearts could hold.
Olympian loves you, Chief!
Man's love for man—~~is~~ brief;
The thing most worth on all the earth
Or here, or land that gave you birth.
Olympian loves you Chief!
'Tis "Au revoir", and not "Good-bye",
As though the parting were for aye
And though in deed, we say God Speed!
All good things follow where you lead
In lovely vale, o'er mountain high.
Yet, "Au revoir" and not "good bye",
Greer Harrison, to you, tonight.
We say, and say with manly might
You are the best, where'er the quest
Whoever gave athletic zest.
The laurel leaf, we give—it's right.
Greer Harrison, to you, tonight.



THE JOKER

This book was written to sell.

A thought or two herein may help one or two
of my fellows;

I hope so, but I have not written for posterity.

This book was written to sell.

~~Price one dollar.~~

I have left the deuces and trays out of the deck,
but

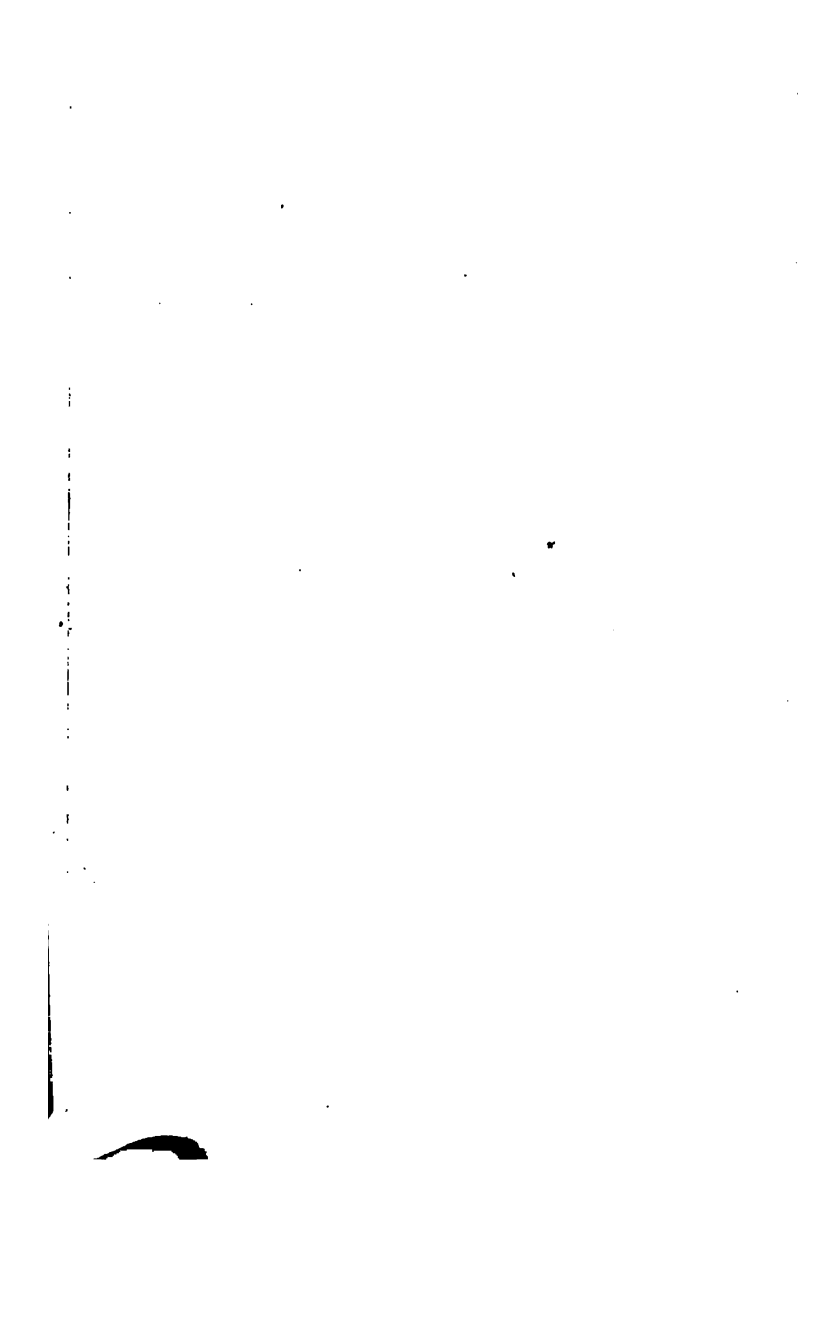
This is the "joker."

Faithfully yours,

J. C. B. HEBBARD.

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